For she is wise, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true she is, as she hath proou'd herselfe:
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire, and true,
shall she be placed in my constant soule. Enter *Iessica.*
What, art thou come? on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhose there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboord,
I haue sent twentie out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
then to be vndersaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
the seuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if *I* doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you choose that, then *I* am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions, back againe,
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all,

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, pause there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,
vvere but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as *I* deserue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then these, in loue *I* doe deserue,
vvhat if *I* straid no farther, but chose heere?
Lets see once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world desires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vastie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
as o're a brooke to see faire *Portia.*
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to ribb her sercloth in the obscure graue,
Or shall I thinke in siluer shee's immurd,
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O sinful thought, neuer so rich a *Iem*
vvas set in worse then gold. They haue in England

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